

De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas

Mayhem

Welcome to the elder ruins again
The wind whispers beside the deep forest
Darkness will show us the way "Heic noenum pax"
Here is no peace The sky has darkened thirteen as
We are collected woeful around a book made of human flesh
"De grandaevus antiquus mulum tristis
Arcanas mysteria scriptum" The books bloodwritten pages open
"Invoco cruentus domini de daemonium"
We follow with our whit eyes, the cerimonials proceeding
"Heic noenum pax", brin us the goat "Rex sacriticulus mortifer" in the circle of stone coffins
We are standing with our black robes on
Holding the bowl with unholy water
"Psychomantum et precor exito annos major"
"Ferus netandus sacerdos magus, mortem animalium"

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